

The Historie of

I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heauie too: God keepe Lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine owne Bowels. I haue led my rag of Muffins where they are peperd: theres not three of my 150. left aliue, and they are for the townes end, to beg during life. But who comes heere? *Enter the Prince,*

Prin. What standst thou idle here? lend me thy Sword,
Many a Noble man lies starke and stiffe
Vnder the houes of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet vnreuegd; I prethee lend me thy sword.

Fal. O *Hal*, I prethee giue me leaue to breath a while: *Turke Gregorie* neuer did such deeds in armes, as I haue done this day: I haue payd *Percy*, I haue made him sure.

Prin. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee;
I prethee lend me thy Sword.

Fal. Nay, before God *Hal*, if *Percy* be aliue, thou getst not my Sword; but take my Pistoll if thou wilt.

Prin. Giue it me: what? is it in the case?

Fal. I *Hal*, tis hot, theres that will Sacke a Citie.

The Prince drawes it out, and findes it a bottle of Sacke.

Prin. What, is it a time to iest and dally now.

He throwes the Bottle at him.

Exit.

Fal. If *Percy* be aliue, Ile pierce him, if he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a Carbo-nado of me. I like not such grinning honour as *Sir Walter* hath: giue me life, which, if I can saue, so: if not, honour comes va-lookt for, and theres an end.

Scene 3.

Alarme, excursions, enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, and Earle of Westmerland.

King. I prethee *Harry*, withdraw thy selfe, thou bleedest too much; Lord *Iohn of Lancaster*, goe you with him.

P. Ioh. Not I, my Lord, valesse I did bleed too.

Prin. I beseech your Maiestie make vp,
Least your retirement doe amaze your friends.

King. I will do so; my L. of *Westmerland* lead him to his Tent.

West. Come, my Lord, Ile lead you to your Tent.

Prin. Lead me my Lord? I do not need your helpe;
And God forbid a shallow scratch should driue

The

Henry the fourth.

The *Prince of Wales* from such a Field as this,
Where slainde Nobilitie lies troden on,
And Rebels Armes triumph in massacres.

Iohn. Wee breath too long, come coosen *Westmerland*,
Our dutie this way lies: For Gods sake come.

Prin. By God, thou hast deceiude me, *Lancaster*,
I did not thinke thee Lord, of such a spirit;
Before I lou'd thee as a Brother, *Iohn*,
But now I doe respect thee as my Soule.

King. I saw him hold Lord *Percy* at the poynt,
With iustier maintenante then I did looke for
Of such an vngrowne Warriour.

Prin. O, this Boy lends mettall to vs all.

Exit.

Doug. Another King, they grow like Hydras heads,
I am the *Douglas* fatall to all those
That weare these colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeitst the person of a King?

King. The King himselfe, who *Douglas* grieues at heart,
So many of his shadowes thou hast met,
And not the very King: I haue two Boyes
Seeke *Percy* and thy selfe, about the Field:
But seeing thou fallest on me so luckily,
I will assay thee, and defend thy selfe.

Doug. I feare thou art another Counterfeit;
And yet in fayth thou bearest thee like a King:
But mine I am sure thou art, who ere thou be;
And thus I winne thee,

They fight, the King being in danger, enter Prince of Wales.

Prin. Hold vp thy head vile *Scot*, or thou art like
Neuer to hold it vp againe, the spirites
Of valiant *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my Armes,
It is the *Prince of Wales*, that threatens thee,
Who neuer promisseth, but he meanes to pay.

They fight, Douglas flyeth.

Cheerely my Lord, how fares your Grace?
Sir Nicholas Garsy hath for succour sent,
And so hath *Clifton*: Ile to *Clifton* straight.

King. Stay, and breath a while,

K. 2

Thou